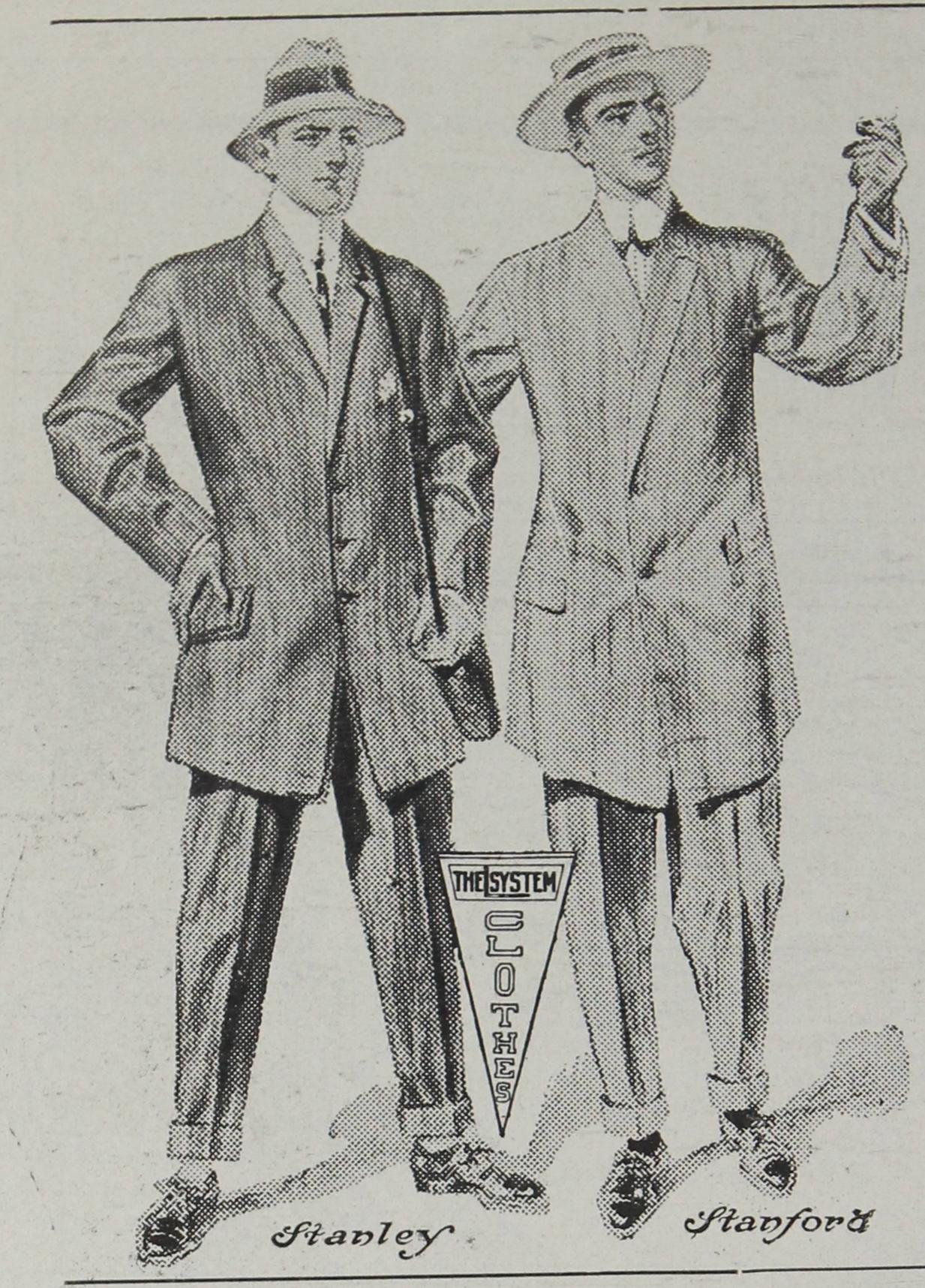
ARCHIVES of the LIBRARY COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND

PUBET SOUND TRAIL

NOVEMBER, 1911





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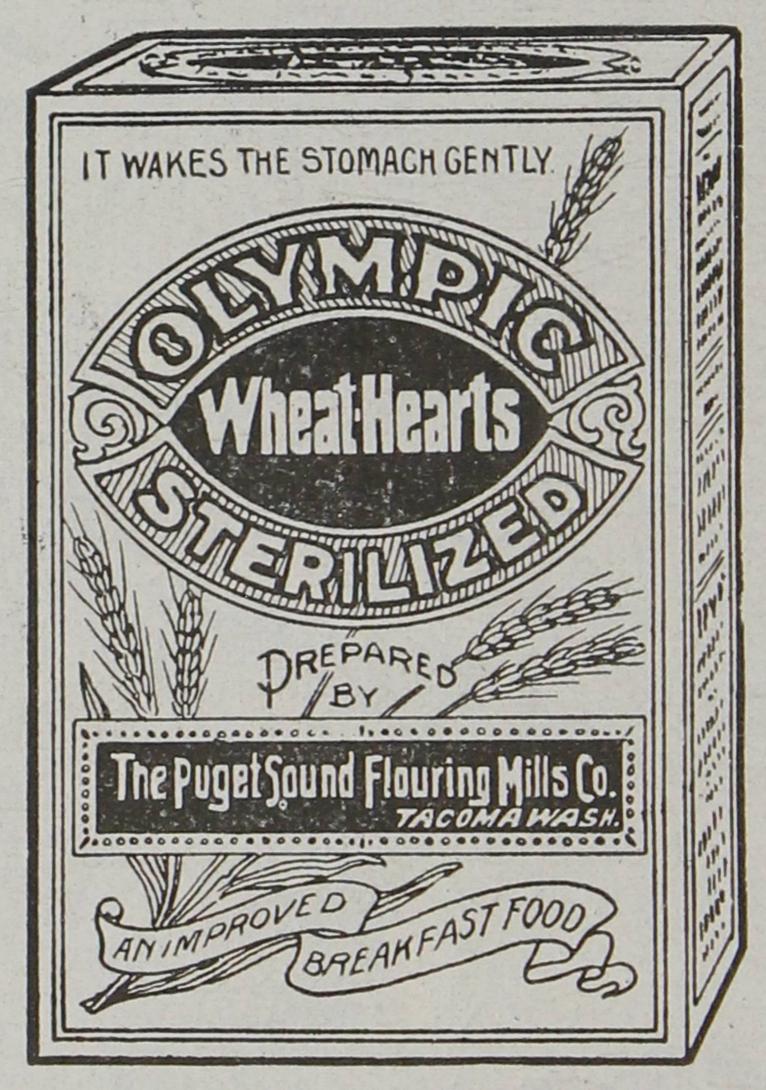
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We sell "L SYSTEM" Overcoats cut on the same lines as these suits. You cant make a mistake in wearing Clothes from our store.

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THE PUGET SOUND FLOURING MILLS COMPANY

The PUGETSOUND TRAIL

PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF PUGET SOUND

Vol. I

NOVEMBER 11, 1911

Number 5

A Popular Fallacy

ARCHIVES of the LIBRARY COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND

THAT CHAPERONES ARE A NECESSITY.

one—not only a chaperone, but a good many other i cringing upon the nonsensical laws made by soneedless a ticles and ideas. Not that we object to have some older or wiser person accompanying us, for often the chaperone is the most interesting one in the crovid, but what influence does a chaperone have on the actions of the young people with whom she is associated for the time being? None whatever. In case she did find fault with their hilarity, it is not likely that she would be invited again. The best pelicy is, of course, to see and hear nothing. My theory, therefore, is that chaperones are simple figureheads—closely affiliated—with red tape.

The pub ic often have foolish and one-sided ideas of propriety. First, people who are strict enough to desire a chaperone are, as a rule, those who need one the last. If, for appearance sake this chaperone crase is to be continued, why does society not demand , ne to accompany lone couples to the theater and church, particularly silly little kids still in their teens? There either should be more chaperones or none at all. Consistency has taken flight.

If the people in this generation were a little less from conventional in the little things. Their time just as useless will take its place. Thus is life!

Propriet and conventionality demand a chaper- is too valuable to notice whether or not they are ciety. Why cannot we, in our own little way, I reak loose from some of these useless set forms and Lecome ourselves once more without an outer coat of artificiality and insincerity? The beauty of children is their simplicity and nearness to nature. Why need we lose this claim when we are grown?

> Returning to the chaperone question, do we have her because she can help us in any way? Certainly not. As was mentioned before, society commands us to, and we humbly cater to her whims without protest. To be honest—we are cowards! We are afraid what others will think and say of us. If the mass told us to become cannibals we would obey, lest they criticise us.

> Of course, it would be just as foolish to go to the other extreme, but that is not necessary either. If. we ourselves do what we sincerely believe to be right the world's censure is not going to hurt us unless we have not the grit to stand up for our own rights. In that case we deserve to suffer.

In conclusion the chaperone theory is one of the conventional, they would be far more interesting many conventional unnecessaries of life, which at as well as progressive. The men and women of the present are the foolish fads of the fickle public. this world who have really counted, have been far It will soon pass into oblivion, and some other rage

And I Arvoke

If a man is asleep and does not awake, a physician or an undertaker should be called at once, even though the dream may be a happy one. But the awakening is sometimes terrible. The stern realities of life are often cruel. To be grasped by the cold, unemotional facts is as uncomfortable as a bat in your belfry—a snake in your boot—a mouse under the table—a bug in your bed—a flea in the middle of your back—a mob of "freshies" embracing you all at once.

Notwithstanding these miseries I awoke very spentaneously, to find myself standing on that fatal

five-yard line, unconsciously doomed with my fellow sufferers. We were thirteen—Oh, fatal number!—and they, "the realities," were twelve.

Riley, standing there in his majesty and clean white sweater, frightened the Freshmen when he blew the whistle; but the young lady on the side line scared the Sophomores half to death when she shot straight at them.

Both classes rushed directly toward each other as if each thought the other to be an assortment of phantoms and perfectly penetrable. Personally, I was struck by one of those hard-hearted "realities,"



Miss Ethel Elliott.

Miss Elliott has been with us now for about two months and has won a place of esteem among us. Upon two occasions we have had excellent opportunities of judging of her public work—once at Mason Church, when our music faculty gave a sacred concert, and again when Miss Elliott, with Misses Diehl, Frith and Randall, gave a recital in the chapel.

Miss Elliott has a teaching experience won during a number of years and has been prominent in the musical life of her own and other cities. She received a liberal and thorough musical education in some of the leading conservatories of Chicago and the East—Grand Prairie seminary, Onarga, Ills.; Peabody conservatory, Baltimore, Md.; American conservatory, and Caruthers School of Piano, Chicago, Ills. Her instruction has been received under such masters as Sampaix, Cecila Gaul, Louis Rutter, Victor Garwood, Adolph Weidig; thus makher particularly fitted for her profession. Miss Elliott's success is due to her unusual gift in interesting pupils in her studies, to which is added a

forceful personality. A noteworthy feature of her instruction is the weekly meetings of her classes n normal work. Recently Miss Elliott has taken the normal course in the Caruthers school. This embraces work for children from six years of age to adults.

AND I AWOKE.

(Continued from page One)

then by mother earth, then the mud sill of the cruel "reality" stepped on my tennis shoes and danced a jig on my suspenders. I entwined my arms lovingly around its stilts and immediately mother earth hit it square on the back. All to no avail. Two other "realities" appeared and when I came to myself I was inside of four white lines. Gazing around I saw Dupertu's and Sprague, with hair ruffled, faces dirty and clothes torn. They looked like they had been called and could not go. "Ah; we beat you to it, old man," they said. Jones and Stanbra said "Ditto." I said nothing.

How they jerked the 180 lbs. of Brixs around! Then Percy shot in like a rock from a Grecian catapault. Day, Muback and Flesher swung around the corner as if they felt a storm brewing on the outside.

All this while there was some movement across the field. When I stretched my neck around to see what was stirring, I beheld five 'realities' standing in the fiery furnace—one looked like "the man without a country," another like "the man who would be king," and the other three resembled the three graces. Biff! "Excuse me." "Don't mention it," and "Hanne" came in hurriedly without being invited. Beck and Max were obstinate. They laid flat on their backs until four or five "realities" actually took them by force and dragged them right into the pen.

That young lady shot three times at the Sophoraore girls and they ran over to the pen, handed the Freshmen girls their own dear colors. Those girls never even said "Thank you."

'Twas discovered later that it took those twelve great big "realities" seven minutes and thirty seconds to do what they d'd. After a feed on prunes and crackers they ought to be able to beat St. Martin's 25 to 0 and not half try. The only danger is "realities" are addicted to cranium expansion under such circumstances.

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Rutter, Victor Garwood, Adolph Weidig; thus makher particularly fitted for her profession. Miss

Elliott's success is due to her unusual gift in interesting pupils in her studies, to which is added a

Get a Cane Opener.

You will need one. Get it now and avoid the rush.

Junior type, 50c.

Freshman type, 25c.

For sale by the Sophomores.

The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket

My name is Arthur Gordon Pym. On August 7, 1827, I was taken off from the battered hulk of the American brig Grampus by the British schooner Jane Guy, Captain Guy, of Liverpool. With me was one Peters, an Indian of the Black Hills. Wetwo were the only survivers from a crew of over forty, and the story of our sufferings is one of incredible horror. It is rather, however, of those incidents in my adventure which occurred after my rescue by the Jane Guy, that I would speak—incidents of a nature so entirely out of the rank of human experience, and for this reason so far beyond the limits of human credulity, that I proceed in utter hopelessness of obtaining credence for all that I shall tell, yet confidently trusting in time and progressing science to verify some of the most important and most improbable of my statements.

We continued on our voyage for some months without incidents of any great moment. It had been Captain Guy's original intention to proceed through the Straits of Magellan and up along the western coast of Patagonia. But he now designed should the season prove favorable, to push on towards the pole. Accordingly on the twenty-first of December we made sail to the southward, with the resolution of penetrating in that course as far as possible.

We made our way southward with extreme difficulty, our passage being continually blocked by vast fields of ice, which, at times, pressed us so closely as to threaten the destruction of the vessel. The cold, too, during much of the time was intence. On January '4, however, we came to an open sea without a particle of ice. The weather had become quite mild. Upon sounding we found the current setting southwardly at about half a mile per hour. At noon on the '6th we again sounded and found the current setting southwardly at the rate of three-quarters of a mile per hour. The temperature of the air continued mild and pleasant and not a particle of ice was to be discovered.

On the 17th we sighted a small floe of ice upon which we discovered a gigantic creature of the race of Arctic bear. Two boats were ordered out and after a struggle they succeeded in killing it. This bear upon admeasurement proved to be fifteen feet in his greatest length. His wool was perfectly white, while the eyes were of blood red.

We had now advanced to the southward more than eight degrees farther than any previous navigators, being at this time in 82 degrees, 50 south, latitude 42 degrees, 20 west, longitude; and the sea still lay

open before us. We found, too, what was very surprising that as we proceeded the temperature of the air and latterly of the water became milder.

January 18. This morning we got out our sounding gear and found the current setting towards the pole at the rate of a mile an hour. This constant tendency toward the souward, both in wind and current, caused some degree of speculation, and even of alarm, in different quarters of the schooner. In the course of the day we picked up a bush full of red berries, like those of the hawthorne, and the carcass of a singular-looking land animal. Its feet were armed with long claws of a brilliant scarlet. The body was covered with straight silky hair, perfectly white. The teeth were of the same brilliant scarlet as the claws.

January 19. Today, being in latitude 82 degrees, 20 minutes, longitude 43 degrees 5 minutes west, we sighted a group of very large islands. In about four hours we came to anchor about a league from the coast, as the high serf rendered nearer approach of doubtful expediency. Presently four canoes full of savages who appeared to be well armed, put out. from the shore. They gazed at the vessel in wonder, expressing the most extreme symptoms of surprise and delight. The savages were about the ordinary stature of, but of a more muscular and brawny frame. Their complexion was jet black and they were clothed in skins of some unknown black animal. Their arms consisted principally of clubs, of a dark and apparently very heavy wood. A few slings, however, were observed among them, and the bottoms of the canoes were full of black stones about the size of an egg.

Captain Guy gave the chief (whose name we soon found to be Too-wit) to understand that we could admit no more than twenty of his men on deck at a time. Twenty of the savages now got on board and proceeded to ramble over every part of the deck, examining every article with great inquisitiveness. We saw no disposition to theivery among them, nor did we miss a single article after their departure. Throughout the whole of their visit they evinced the most friendly manner. There were, however, some points in their demeanor which we found it impossible to understand; for example, we could not get them to approach several very harmless objects, such as the schooner's sails, an egg, an open book, or a pan of flour. It was quite evident, too, that they had never before seen any of the white race, from whose complexion they appeared to recoil.

(Continued on Page Eight)

The Puget Sound Trail

TACOMA, WASH.

PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF PUGET SOUND Published Semi-monthly

Vol. I. NOVEMBER 11, 1911 No.5

MAMIE CONMEY	Editor-in-Chief
GEORGE THOMPSON	Managing Editor
MAY STARR	Kick Offs
ANABEL WALKER	Locals
SADIE VERNHARDSON	
ARNOLD WARREN	College Exchange
ALFRED CAMPION	High School Exchange
SAM MAX	
CLYDE BENEDOM	
EDWARD WILTON	Staff Artist

Entered as second class matter October 14, 1911, at the Postoffice at Tacoma, Wash., under the act of March 3, 1879.

EDITORIAL.

We have an abundance of material and more, at every issue, and the only question now is one of quality. Of necessity much of the local news must reach the readers in the shape of reports from the avarious societies and organizations. It behooves us, therefore, to make every report reach the quality standard. Our four literary societies are active and aggressive, every one of them, but who would guess it from some of the reprots, and who would know that the article was written as the representative to the outside world, of a body students who were striving for literary excellence. We are not too harsh, for you must consider that only a small percentage of the readers know what literary geniuses are at work in any particular society, and many will estimate the society by that little paragraph which the reporter had nearly forgotten, and hal written at the very latest date, at an expenditure of about ten minutes of time and ten grains of originality and literary finish. Now, after all this, we would say that some of the reports are improving. Let them be short—in fact they must be—but let every word and sentence show thought and originality, and make the write-up interesting and literary, something that will be read first and not passed over, with the remark that it is the same old thing.

The Adventures of a Gordon Pym.

As was announced in last issue, we have printed in this number a synopsis of Poe's interesting narrative, "The Adventures of a Gordon Pym." Poe never completed the story, but left the reader upon the heights of a dramatic climax, from which some fortunate genius will remove him, and give to our literary world the conclusion, for which it has waited for a number of years.

Miss Abel has offered as a reward to the one thus favored or thus endowed with ability and imagination, a carefully chosen volume of poems; and the literary society to whom the winner belongs, will be recognized by a trophy. The conclusion will be in one part, instead of two, as previously announced, and must contain not more then fifteen hundred words. The stories must be handed to M:ss Abel or the editor not later than November 30, and judges will decide which one has most nearly reached a satisfactory conclusion.

HIGH SCHOOL EXCHANGES.

One on Darwin.

The Comet, of West Pittson high school, Pa., has brought to light some of its researches in the scientific world. It seems that an old volume of a certain Lord Neaves contained the following extractions as his apparently high opinion of the great Darwin:

"A deer with a neck that was longer by half,
Pshaw, the rest of the family (try not to laugh),)
By stretching and stretching, became a giraffe,
Which nobody can deny."

"A very tall pig with a very long nose
Sends forth a proboscis quite down to his toes,
And then by the name of the elephant goesfl
Which nobody can deny."

"An ape with a pliable thumb and big brain,
When the gift of the gab he had managed to gain
As lord of creation, established his claim,
Which nobody can deny."

Not The Only Pebble.

Among the high standards of "Our University,' the one of originality seems to be most trampled upon. First, the University of Chicago stole away the name of our paper, so we changed ous in order to give them something better to copy, now a prep. school in Oklahoma has had the nerve to take away our singular and sole claim to U. P. S. Their paper, the Crimson Rambler, is quite aliterary effort and among its editorials is one which reads like Professor Scott's recent speech in chapel.

"Someone has given this advise to :students 'Don't let your studies interfere with your educationtion.' This is exactly what a great number of students are doing by studying nothing but their text books. One excellent way of getting some of this education is through good magazines. How many current magazines in the U. P. S. library do you read? Let us now, at the beginning of this school year, resolve that we will make better use of the advantages and opportunities offered us at the U. P. S.

Locals

Dell Beardsly was a visitor at the University Saturday.

Rev. C. B. Allen, the evangelist, was a chapel speaker, Wednesday, and gave the students a short but very cleverly illustrated sermon. With him was Dr. Lane of First Church and Dr. Flesher-of Asbury Church, South Tacoma.

Olin Graham is on the list of injured football heroes.

The football boys were very royally entertained last week in the Domestic Science rooms by the girls of that department. A delicious spread and consequently an excellent time is reported.

Miss Mamie Kidd spent the week-end with her parents at Puyallup.

A crowd of jolly Commercials and their teacher took a trip to the car shops of the N. P. Saturday.

Miss Bernice Combs of Wenatchee is visiting Miss Edith Van Slyke.

Friday Mr. and Miss Reese gave a concert at the South Seattle Methodist church.

Mr. Davis of the U. of W. was a visitor at the girls' dorm Sunday.

Miss Francis Ross is a new dorm girl.

Miss Florence Blombery enjoyed the beauties of the Puyallup valley and other suburbs of Tacoma Sunday in an automobile.

Miss Randall and Miss McKee entertained the members of their classes at a delightful Hallowe'en party Friday, October 27, 1911, in the H. C. S. Theta hall, which was artistically decorated with pumpkins and autumn leaves. Numerous candles scattered about the room cast a weird light upon the scene. The evening was spent in games and music. The fortune-telling booth at which Miss Myra Ford presided, and the readings by Miss Randall and Olin Graham were especially interesting features of the evening. Light refreshments were served from a table cleverly decorated with Hallowe'en suggestions. At about 10:30 the guests made their departure, having enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

Colonel Breugle of the Salvation Army gave the students and faculty a treat last Friday at chapel, in the way of a short but splendid talk on "Character Building." Colonel Brengle and Prof, Davis and Prof. Hanawalt were students at the same time at the Depew University in Indiana.

Donald Smith, Olin Graham and Paul Randolph were hurt in the football game with the DeKoven Hall team. The first two boys mentioned will not be able to play again this season. We are sorry, boys.

Tuesday's chapel exercises brought relief to

many of the students, for with the University rules always with them, they are not afraid of doing a misdeed through ignorance, as all such deeds undoubtedly have been done.

Miss Eliott was not able to meet her classes in music this week because of illness. We hope she will soon be in good health again.

An interesting communication:

Tacoma, Wash., Oct. 26, 1911.

Stanley Smith, U. P. S.

Dear Sir: Your dear head is finished and ready for delivery. Kindly call and get the same as we do not ship such small orders.

Please give this matter your prompt attention.

Yours truly,

W. F. SHEARD, Taxidermist.



A Bird in the Hand is Worth Two in the Bush

You can't keep waiting if you are going to secure an overcoat of really clever style. You must remember this: An overcoat on your back right now is worth two that you might expect to own later. It is the early purchaser who invariably secures the smartest style and the most fascinating fabrics. When you purchase early you have a score of shades, colors and patterns to select from—you have many different models to choose from—you have everything necessary to the securing of garments which will prove an excellent purchase. Come and see us now. Come while the season's young.

Our excellent assemblage of Brandegee, Kincaid & Co. Models will delight you. Visit our overcoat department while possibilities for a wide choice are great.

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Football

Were the sailors surprised? Well, I guess yes. 6 to 0 doesn't sound quite like 50 to 0. The greatest scoring machine in the United States failed to materialize and their score in the second quarter was made through clever work by the umpire, a great admirer of our University.

We out-played them in every stage of the game, and at one time had the ball on their one-yard line, but again the umpire held us for downs. Twice Servis tried place kicks, but failed both times.

We all feel sorry for Bonds on account of the injury received at the hands of the sailors. We wish that opponents would be less rough with such fragile players. Gebert shines very brightly at guard; time after time he grabbed a man just as he started and downed him for a loss.

Decker recovered a fumble in the first quarter and carried the ball down to their one-yard line. Decker shows his experience by mixing in every play.

Tisch astonished the navy by being the first man this season to punch their line consistently and Max ran rings around their ends.

Our team is making rapid strides in advancement. Both offense and defense are stronger, the former was demonstrated by the interference on tackle around plays when everyone got together and spilled the opponents. Our men have to watch the forward pass more closelly and spill the interference on end runs more quickly. However, we are learnand expect to win the remainder of our games.

THE TIE UP.

* * *

The day has past, the victory has been won, and some of us have not as yet completely recovered our senses after the awe-inspiring sight we beheld eleven days ago. We were prepared for a hard struggle to last not more than thirty minutes. Prof. Selinger even prophesied that knees would be twisted and ankles broken. It was, therefore, with a great deal of surprise and some disappointment, that we were entertained for exactly seven and one-half minutes; besides, there was not a single disabled contestant to be borne from the field by his cheering classmates.

The scrap was fine while it lasted, the two sides were evenly matched in numbers, but not in strength or strategy. The Sophomores were compelled to admit that their Freshmen brothers knew more about such business than they themselves knew. For that reason the Sophomores loose and the Freshmen win a banquet.

Special mention should be made of the splendid work done by the timekeeper. Prof. Wright never believed for a moment that Miss Starr dared to fire a revolver. That's all right, Professor. Girls are not the biggest cowards yet. But we will all agree that Miss Starr well deserves an invitation to the feed.

DeKoven vs. U. P. S. Second

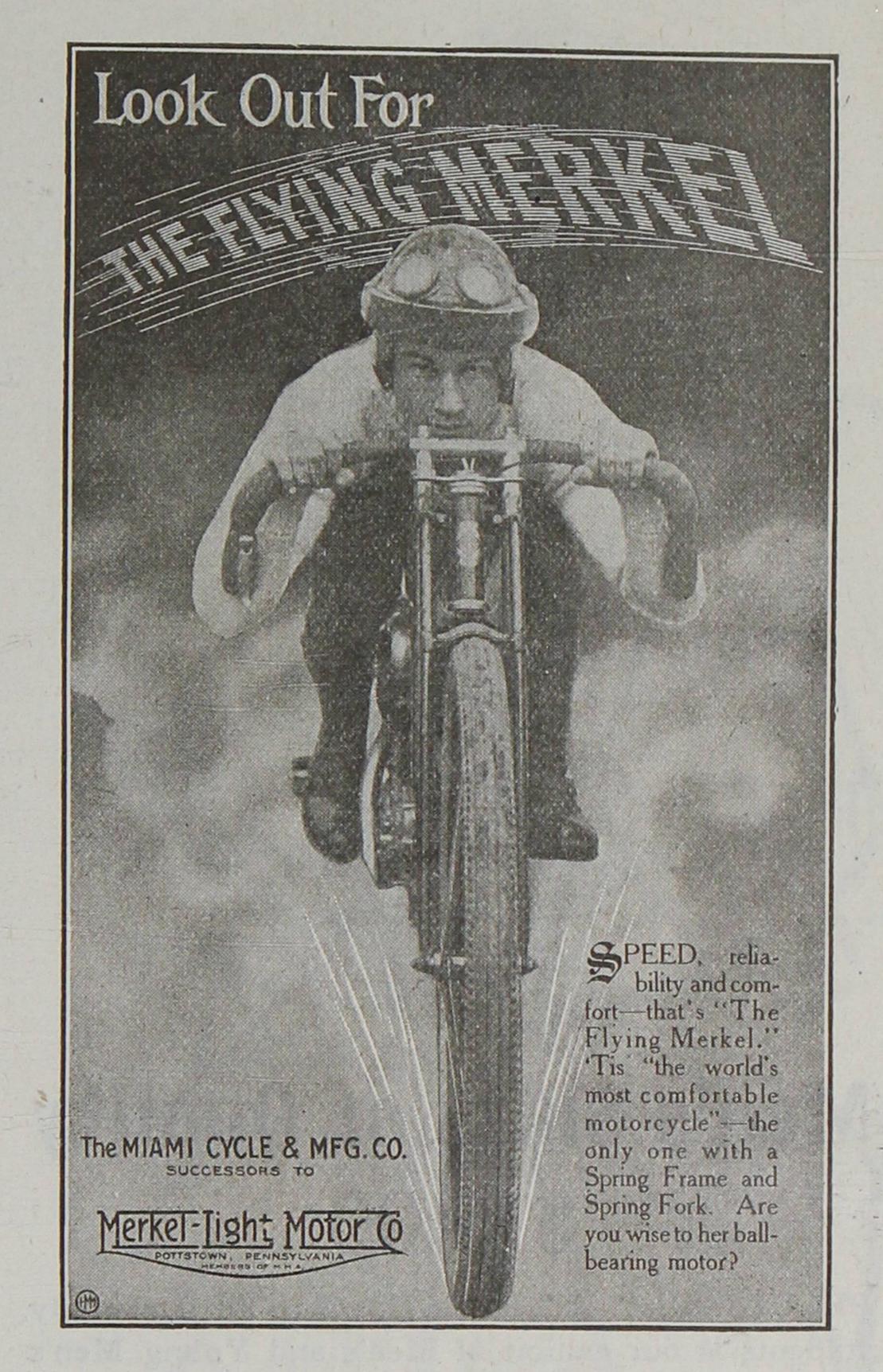
Upon October 25—Wednesday—was played the snappiest and most interesting—from the spectators' point of view—second team game, witnessed so far this season upon our grounds. The DeKoven bunch of football sports came down from the vicinity of Stillman expecting of course to easily win. They did win, but not easily, however, for the score stood 6-5 when the referee blew the final whistle.

The first score of the game came in the second quarter when little Smithy, who was playing quarter for U. P. S., by a spectacular run, dashed down the field sixty yards for a touchdown, after receiving a punt. The trial for goal failed. DeKoven's score followed soon afterward by a series of long end runs, forward passes and line plunges.

The game was nip and tuck from start to finish. Much kicking was indulged in by both sides. Smithy was the star of the game. His returning of punts and forward passing was a big feature. Early in the third quarter, however, he was forced to retire from the game on account of a sprained ankle. He still is suffering from the hurt and may be seen limping around the campus with cane in hand and red house slipper on foot. Graham was substituted for Smith but had not played for more than two minutes when he too was carried off of the field with a sick ankle. These accidents take two valuable first team men off of the squad. Graham is knocked out for the remainder of the season, Smith will probably get into a suit some time soon. The services of those men are greatly missed, for it leaves the first team with only one quarter-back, no substitute being available.

After the removal of Graham several changes were made in the second team line-up. Stanley Smith was shifted from full to quarter, Black taking his place at full, besides other changes in the line. Although the tram was somewhat weakened thereby, still the boys maintained the same fighting spirit, while they did not now stand the show of scoring as they otherwise might, they kept the other fellow busy with his end of the line.

Captain Randolph at half also was a bright shinning star. He received all of the forward passes made by U. P. S. and could be relied upon for con-



Ray E. Day

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Men's Suits of Quality \$15.00

PECULIARLY INTERESTING to all University students is our exhibit of Men's and Young Men's Suits at this popular price. Derby System and Harvard Clothes offer a broad selection of handsome fabrics, clever styles and excellently tailored garadmire on the streets, in the offices, cafes and theaters, at the football game and other places where men congregate, came from these lines. Whether you are a man of mature years, seeking the refined and conservative in clothes, or if you are the exuberant youth seeking fashion's extremes, we can meet your requirements at this price, and ample provision has been made for fitting perfectly men of every proportion. Let our salesman show you tomorrow what splend'd selections of men's clothing we show

-Main Floor, Men's Store.

RHODES BROS.

sistent gains at all times. Watch Randolph next year. He is a comer.

The two teams were about equally matched as to weight but the consensus of opinion is that the seconds out played DeKoven. Had Smith or Graham remained in the game the score might have been slightly different.

The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket

We determined to stay here a week to recruit and then push southward while we might. Accordingly, under the guidance of Too-wit, we got the Jane through the reef and anchored in an excellent bay, at the head of which (we were told) were three fine springs of good water.

Upon the invitation of Too-wit a party of twelve of us prepared to visit the village. At every step we took inland the conviction forced itself upon us that we were in a country differing essentially from any hitherto visited by civilized men. Upon our arrival at the village we saw numerous strange animals and fowls, all appearing to be thoroughly domesticated. The largest of these was a quadruped covered with a black wool. To our astonishment we saw black albatross in a state of entire domestication. Black gannets and numerous ducks were also present. The women of the village were not altogether wanting in personal beauty. Their lips, however, like those of the men, were thick and clumsy, so that even when laughing the teeth were never disclosed.

Too-wit promised that he would bring us in the course of twenty-four hours as many of the canvessback ducks and gallipago tortoises (which abounded in the island) as his canoes would hold. The chief ments for your choosing. You would be surprised was as good as his word and we were soon plentito know how many of the suits which you see and fully supplied with fresh provisions. In return for these good things we presented the natives with blue beads, brass trinkets, nails, knives and pieces of red cloth, they being fully delighted with the exchange. Matters thus went on very amicably for several days.

By the last of the month we had everything ready for the departure. Too-wit, however, insisted most pertinaciously that we pay a formal visit of leavetaking to the village. I believe that not one of us had at this time the slightest suspicion of the good faith of the savage who had uniformly treated us with the greatest courtesy. A very short while sufficed to prove, however, that this apparent kindness was only the result of a deeply laid plan for our destruction, and that the islanders, for whom we entertained such inordinate feelings of esteem, were among the most barbarous, subtle, and bloodthirsty wretches that ever contaminated the face of the globe.

It was on the first of February that we went on

shore for the purpose of visiting the village, leaving only six men on board the Jane Guy. We were now entering upon a narrow gorge leading through the chain of soapstone hills among which the village was situated. When in the very midst of this narrow gorge there came a fearful concussion, as though the whole foundations of the solid globe were rent asunder, and the whole of the face of the overhanging cliff suddenly toppled into the gorge burying our party under millions of tons of stone and earth. By a singular coincident Peters and myself escaped. We had entered one of the narrow fissures in the wall of the gorge and had pushed in briskly for the purpose of examining a species of filbert which grew there. The falling of the mass of earth closed up the lower mouth of the crevice completely and we were compelled to toil painfully upward until we reached the surface of the plateau. There we discovered to our astonishment, that stakes had been driven into the top of the precipice at intervals of about three feet, and ranging about ten feet back from the edge of the gulf. By means of cords attached to these stakes a vast leverage power was obtained capable of hurtling the whole face of the hill into the bosom of the abyss. This was made possible by the singular stratification of the soapstone which was quite easily split into perpendicular layers. Thus had the fiendish natives accomplished our destruction and for no cause whatsoever that we could determine.

From our vantage point in the hills we now turned our eyes toward the shore. We beheld a vast concourse of natives assembled on the shore opposite the schooner, which was now a mass of flames. We anticipated a catastrophe and were not disappointed. Suddenly there came a terrific explosion and the whole atmosphere was magically magically crowded in a single instant with a wild chaos of wood, and metal and human limbs.

The havoc among the savages far exceeded our utmost expectation. Perhaps a thousand perished by the explosion, while an equal number were desperately mangled. mangled. They seemed utterly appalled by the suddenness and completeness of their discomfiture. At length we observed a total change in their demeanor. They appeared to be all at once aroused to the highest pitch of excitement, and rushed wildly about, going to and from a certain point on the beach, with the strangest expressions of mingled horror, rage and intense curiosity depicted on their countenances, and shouting to the top of their vo.ces Tekeli-li! Tekeli-li! When the crowd parted so as to afford us a view of the object of all this excitement, we perceived it to be the carcass of the strange animal with the scarlet teeth an claws which the schooner had picked up on the 18th of January. It had now been thrown ashore



A LITTLE COMMONSENSE TALK TO COL-LEGE MEN

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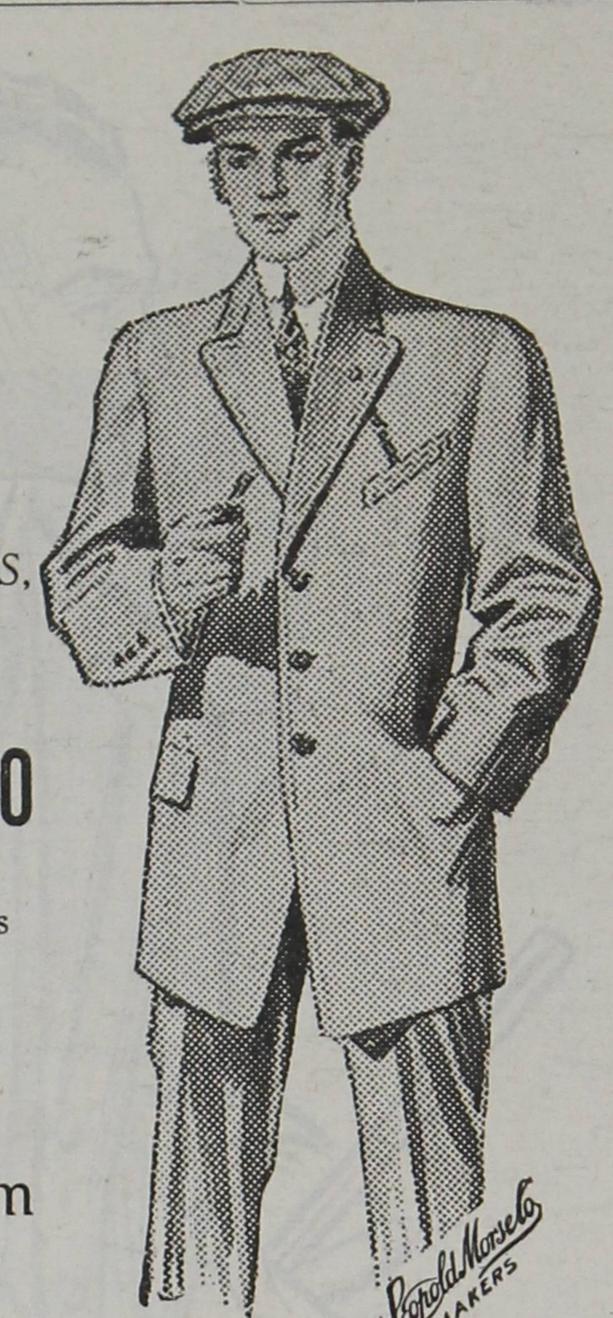
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some weeks before finding one opportunity to escape. During all this time we exercised the greatest caution that we might not be seen by the natives whom, we had reason to expect now, believed all of us to have perished. On the twentieth we made our way down to the beach, determined to escape from the accursed place at all hazards. The ravine through which we made our way down from the

hills was one of singular wildness. Scorial were abundant, and large shapeless blocks of black granite, intermingled with others of marl. The marl was also black; indeed we noticed no light-colored

by the explosion, but why it occasioned so much

concern among the savages was more than we could

Peters and myself remained on the island for

substance of any kind upon the island.

LOCALS

Mary Bonds and Dorothy West were home visitors at Sumas last week.

Charles Miller has left school. We miss him and hope he will soon be with us again.

Many students wish to know all about the challenge that Riley made to Farmer Burns in wrestling. Will Riley give the desired information, please?

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Y. M. C. A.

It happened again. It has beeen happening right along. If you men take advantage of the Tuesday noon addresses you will see it happen and actually hear it snap. Prof. Cummins addressed us Tuesday, the 31st, on "The Trend of Education in Washington With Respect to the Teacher." The professor has a broad vision of the sacredness and value of every profession. The men who heard him, and especially those who expect to be educators, got a glimpse of the "size of the job." Prof. Cummins keeps away from that foolish sentiment which makes impracticable and impossible things seemingly essentialy.

Actually, what good does it do? The practical, sensible person is asking this question—and he will be answered. He insists and thereby comes the leginning and continuation of much-needed reform in our school system.

On Tuesday, the 7th, Arthur Hungerford brought a mighty good message to us by emphasizing the practical side of the promises of the Creator to everybody on earth. We have been in the habit oi looking on these "conditions of contract" as fine poetry, beautiful language, etc., but we have lost sight of what the Almighty had pre-eminently in mind when he gave them to us. They are practical, men, God means business. The Bible is not to be cried over; it is for a quickening of men's lives to see their 'life opportunities."

Pardon a word of warning right here, men—don't let your hunger of stomach get the better of your hunger for Truth. Nuf said.

Y. W. C. A.

The mission class under Miss Hawthorne met for the first time Thursday, Nov. 2. Miss Hawthorne mapped out a most interesting as well as instructive course for the year. Girls, just come and hear one of her enthusiastic talks, for you cannot help from enjoying it. The admittance fee is nothing, and the class meets but once a month so it could not possibly burden anyone.

In our regular Y. W. meeting two weeks ago Miss Braun spoke on the volunteer movement. She gave a clear and impressive outline of the history of that organization, showing how obstacles are rapidly being overcome by the earnest persistance of the workers, and that the number of student volunteers are increasing annually. She reminded us that we should not leave this burden entirely upon others, for whether we go to the foreign field or not, we each have a responsibility. One volunteer motto is "Evanglism of the World in This Generation." This goul cannot be attained unless all, especially the students, are willing to help.

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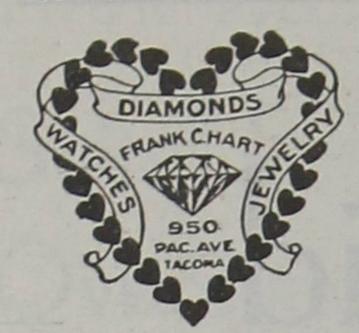
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Last Tuesday Miss Vera Fry presided at a uniquely planned meeting. The subject was upon the most beautiful women characters in the Bible. Various students discussed the different characters, showing how we might beautify our own lives by holding these women as our ideals.

We had hoped to have a small orchestra to assist in the song services, but so far it consists only of two mandolins. It would greatly add to the interest of the meetings if others would volunteer their services.

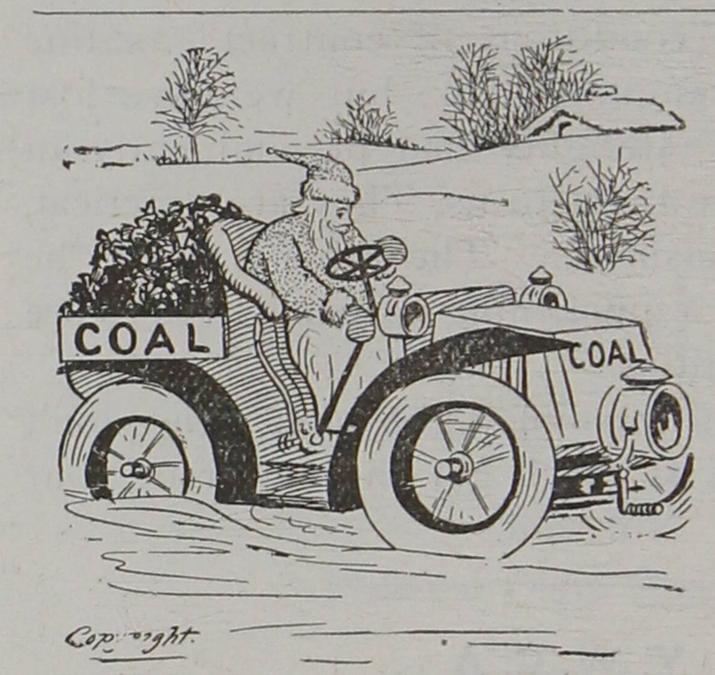
SCIENTIFIC QUESTIONS.

Make a diagram of he hot air spaces which were transferred from the Sophs to the Freshies.

Note whether there was a loss or gain. If a gain, was it equally distributed among the freshmen? If a loss, how h.gh would it raise a two-passenger balloon?

Solve by the color rush the volume of a Sophs's head before and after the scrap.

The mean proposition will be the amount of work done by the Freshmen.

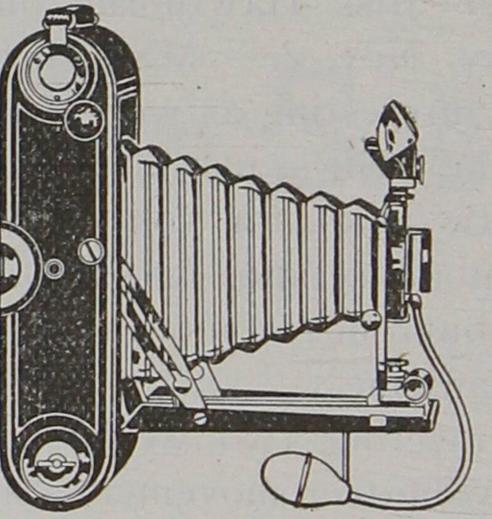


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The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket

We had proceeded some distance when five savages sprang fiercely upon us. I shot two of them with my pistols while Peters, whose strength was prodigous, felled the other three with a club which he tore from the grasp of one. One of the savages whom I had shot now jumped up briskly and attempted to flee. We overtook him, however, and forced him to accompany us, thinking he might be of some ass stance in our attempt to escape.

Arrived at the beach we made great haste to put out in one of the two large canoes we found there, first taking the precaution to stave in the side of the remaining canoe. It was well that we did this for the savages soon came pouring down to the beach and their fiendish yells of baffled rage as they beheld the broken canoe were frightful to hear.

We now found ourselves in the wide and desolate Antartic ocean, in a latitude exceeding 84 degrees, in a frail canoe, and with no provisions except three turtles which we found in the canoe. To the north from whence we had come were the severest regions of ice. Upon the other islands, of which there were six or seven, we had no intention to venture. We resolved to steer boldly to the southward, where there was at least a probability of discovering other lands and more than a probability of finding a still milder climate. For, incredible as it may seem, in coming from the north we had been gradually leaving the regions of ice behind. We continued on our course, without any incident of moment, for perhaps seven or eight days, during which we must have proceeded a vast distance to the southward, as the wind blew constantly with us, and a very strong current set in continually in the direction we were pursuing.

March 1. Many unusual phenomena now indicated that we were entering upon a region of novelty and wonder. A high range of light grey vapor appeared constantly in the southern horizon, having all the wild variations of the Aurora Boreal's. The temperature of the sea, seemed to be increasing momentarily, and there was a very imperceptible alteration in its color.

March 3. The heat of the water was now truely remarkable, and its color was undergoing a rapid change, being no longer transparent, but of a milky consistency and hue.

March 4. Today I took from my pocket a white handkerchief. Nu-Nu (which was our captive's name) was seated at my elbow, and the linen acc-dentally flaring in his face, he became violently affected with convulsions. These were succeeded

March 5. The wind had entirely ceased, but it by drowsiness and stupor, and low murmurings of Tekeli-li! Tekeli-li!

was evident that we were still hurrying on to the southward, under the influence of a powerful current.

March 6. The heat of the water was extreme, even unpleasant to the touch. A fine white powder resembling ashes—but certainly not such—fell over the canoe and over a large surface of the water. Nn-Nn now threw himself on his face in the bottom of the boat and no persuasions could induce him to arise.

March 7. This day we questioned Nu-Nu concerning the motives of his countrymen in destroying our companions, but he only made use of idiotic gesticulations, such as raising with his forefinger the upper lip, and displaying the teeth. These were black. We had never before seen the teeth of an inhabitant of the island.

March 8. Today there floated by us one of the white animals whose appearance upon the beach at the island had occasioned so wild a commotion among the savages. I would have picked it up but there came over me a sudden listlessness and I forebore.

March 9. The range of vapor to the southward had arisen prodigiously in the horizon. I can liken it to nothing but a limitless cataract, rolling silently into the sea from some immense and far distant rampart in the heaven.

March 21. A sullen darkness now hovered above us. We were evidently approaching the cataract at a hideous velocity. At intervals there were visible in it wide yawning, but momentary rents, within which was a chaos of flitting and indistinct images.

March 22. The darkness had materially increased relieved only by the glare of the water thrown back by the white curtain before us. Many gigantic and pallidy white birds flew continously now from beyond the veil, and their scream was the eternal Takeli-li! as they retreated from our vision. Hereupon Nu-Nu stirred in the bottom of the boat, but upon touching him we found his spirit departed. And now we rushed into the embraces of the cataract, where a chasm threw itself open to receive us. But there arose in our pathway a shrouded human figure, very far larger in its proportion than any dweller among men. And the hue of the skin of the figure was of the perfect whiteness of the snow.

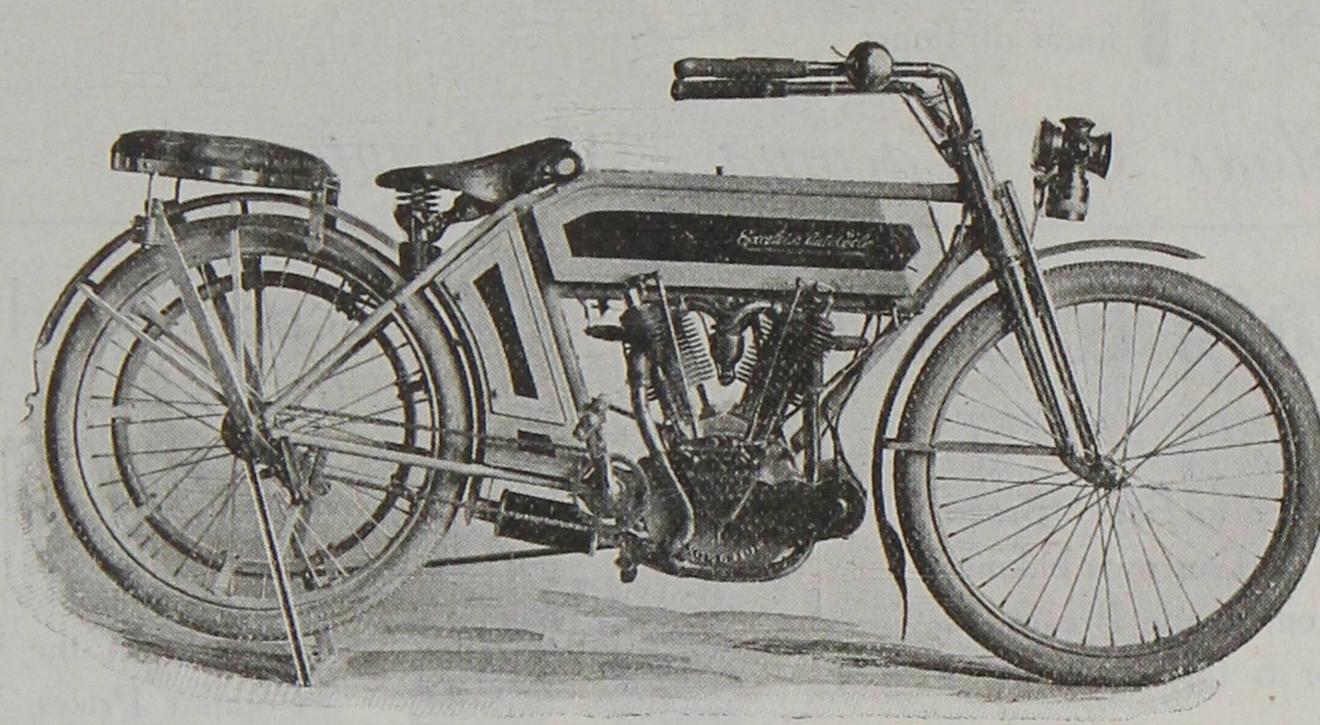
(Editorial Note.—In preparing the above synopsis of Poe's story I have been compelled to omit the vast proportion of the details, for the story as Poe tells it occupies some two hundred and twenty pages. I have tried, however, to give as fully as possible the essential elements of the plot. Contestants will do well to read Chapters 17 to 25 inclusive of the complete story, and especially Chapter 25, together with the supplementary note.—Arnold H. Warren.)

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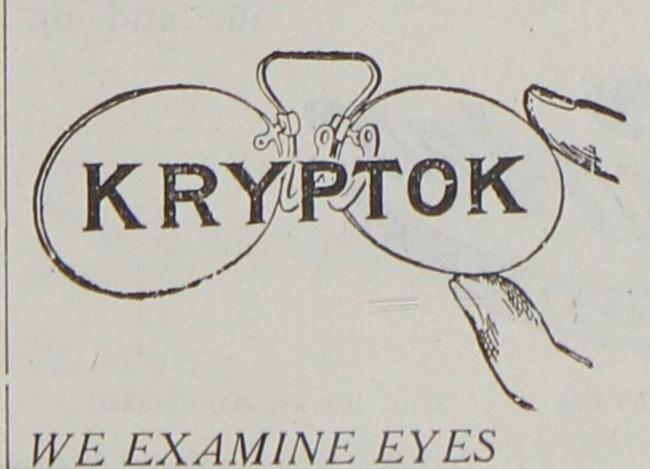
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